

the Monster Times

This horribly hideous hag-type person hails from Bert! Gordon's THE MAGIC SWORD (1962) and is so impeccably horrifying that she even scares US... and we don't scare easily (not when it comes to monsters at least—but collectors, yes—but not morose). In fact, we were so taken aback by this vile vision that we couldn't even think of a single tasteless remark that might add a dash of levity to this page. What's even more frightening is the fact that this wicked witch is but one of a veritable horde of hor-ri-sping females on display in Part the First of Joe Kane's LADIES OF THE RIGHT, a heavily researched study of the sinister aristocracy of the screen. You'll find all the gruesome details on page 10.

In addition to encountering those less than lovely ladies, you'll also be meeting up with the likes of William Shatner in an exclusive TMT interview! ZARDOZ, the inhabitants of MADHOUSE, The Heap and all his amorphous allies from Comedown's swamps, the intrepid adventure at the controls of THE TIME MACHINE and other people, places and especially things that you won't forget in a hurry. Why, tumbling through THE MONSTER TIMES is even more fun wallowing in Watergate. It's true, too. I mean, would we lie to you?

(* Answer next issue.)





BY JASON THOMAS

In his quoniam quest for a better world, H.G. Wells' courageous Time Traveller presses the lever forward that will propel him into the far future. Awaiting his arrival are several *hoo-ee, hoo-ee, hoo-ee* nuclear mutants who have a decidedly unfriendly welcome in store for our innocent explorer.

In 1895 sci-fi master H.G. Wells penned *THE TIME MACHINE*, a tale that, according to some film historians, was itself influenced by the techniques and early magic of the motion picture. Wells communicated often with British film pioneer Robert Paul prior to writing *THE TIME MACHINE* and was said to be deeply impressed by the possibilities of film. Even so, it was another 65 years before Wells' story of the intrepid Victorian time-traveller who seeks a world without war finally reached the screen through the efforts of cinematographer George Pal, who won a special effects Oscar for his troubles. TMT's own sinister cinema scholar Jason Thomas recounts that incredible time trip herewith...

I well remember how it all began. It was in the year 1899 that I finished work on my secret project. Actually, at that point, I was not even certain that my fourth dimensional gadget would work. I had only my theories to go by.

On the afternoon of December 31, I gave a unique demonstration to my four closest friends at my home. I began by

showing them the fruit of two years of labor... a miniature time machine! I next explained the concept of the fourth dimension: time. As I did so, I removed my experimental model from its box and set the device on a table.

Pointing to the tiny control console, I explained, "Forward pressure on this lever sends the machine into the future, backward pressure into the past. The harder the pressure, the faster the machine travels." As I spoke, I pushed the lever forward. The device hummed for a moment... and then vanished!

My companions were amazed. The model was gone—speeding through time. I pointed out that my display could not be repeated, since the device could not be retrieved. That was why I needed witnesses.

My companions, except for David, my dearest friend, were angry. They did not agree with my explanation of the principles of time travel. Nor did they understand how one could not feel the machine if it was occupying the same space, albeit in a different time zone. After one of them commented that I should be working on more sensible things, three of my guests left.

At David's inquiry about my preoccupation with time, I answered, "I don't care much for the time I was born into. It seems people aren't dying fast enough these days! They call upon science to invent new, more efficient weapons to

depopulate the Earth... and we have wars — I prefer the future! I can go where I want to go!"

As soon as he was gone, I locked myself in my laboratory. Without hesitation, I seated myself in the full-scale version of my time machine!

I was determined to attempt a trip into the future!

A TRIP IN TIME

After again considering the dangers involved, I grasped the lever with my right hand, pushing it forward ever so

Exploring the strange new world in which he finds himself, the Time Traveller approaches the dining hall of the Eloi, the most passive and lethargic people to appear on Earth since the 1950s.





The newly awakened Eloi await our team in igniting the wells that lead to the subterranean dwellings of the soon-to-be-extinct Morlocks. The Hittite heads of Earth Future who have been leading the Eloi by the ears to their doom.

slightly. The laboratory grew faint around me. I stopped the machine several seconds later. The dials showed the day, month and year had not altered, and I naturally wondered if my experiment had been successful. Then I noticed the clock that was hanging on the wall ... it showed that nearly two hours had elapsed. Yet a check of my watch revealed that, within the sphere of the machine, only a few seconds had passed by! My time travel device worked!

I must confess I became a bit intoxicated by my success. I had been traveling very slowly and I wondered how it would be if I went faster. I moved the lever forward, and the time dial began to spin. Although I was invisible to everything around me, I could see all the amazing events that were transpiring. I saw the sun rise and fall in an arc in less than a minute. I watched the moon racing through clouds in an instant. For a while, I was mesmerized by the astounding view ... I saw an entire storm take place in just a few seconds. It was amazing! I pushed the lever on toward even greater speeds, and years flew by. Finally, in the year 1914, I stopped.

Disembarking from the machine, I was both astounded and depressed by the sight that greeted me. My once well-equipped laboratory was a veritable wreck! The windows were boarded up and everything was filthy. My house was in a similar state of disrepair. Outside, it was the same. No one had cared for my house in seventeen years.

After I composed myself, I took a look around, and then espied a familiar face.

"David!" I cried. But it was not him. It turned out to be his son, James. He told me how his father—my dear friend—had been killed in a war only a year earlier. I expressed my regret and then asked about the "fellow who used to live across the street." He informed me that the inventor had disappeared around the turn of the century.

It was then that I knew my fate. Either by choice or circumstances beyond my control, I was destined never to return to the year 1900—or so I thought. This came as somewhat of a surprise to me, and I was a bit fearful of the future. My thoughts were interrupted by James, who inquired if I was a returnee from the war. I asked him what he was referring to, and he replied that England had been at war with Germany since 1914. I left him then. I should have known better than to think that a mere seventeen years would change mankind.

I returned to my laboratory to resume my flight into the future. As I went along, I gained experience in handling the machine. I found that I could stop for a day, a hour, or even a second to observe, and then go ahead for a year or two, catching glimpses of the changing world. As I went on, I noticed that man had perfected flying machines. These, too, were used as implements of war. I wondered if, in the event that man ever developed space vehicles, he would carry his destruction beyond his own planet. Surely, there must be some end to this madness!

In 1940, I began to be buffeted from side to side. My first thought was that the machine had broken down. But then I looked up, through the open ceiling—the roof had broken somewhere in time—and I saw that science had progressed in developing their flying machines, as well as their greater implements of destruction. There must have been an interval of peace between this war and the one in 1914, yet man had learned nothing but to



The Time Traveler observes the fate waiting the entranced Eloi, who are enslaved by the filthy, whip-wielding Morlocks and then eaten. If anything, the Earth of 892,701 A.D. is even worse than the 20th Century from which our hero was so bent upon escaping.

prepare more effective means of destroying himself. Just before my house exploded, I decided to push on into time, past all wars. But I found that impossible ...

In the year 1966, I again stopped my machine. I stepped outside the demolished building and marveled at the sights. Massive, shiny structures had replaced the houses around my own, and strange, bug-like metal objects were moving swiftly through the streets. I felt very out of place as people passed by me, staring at my antiquated attire. Suddenly, the blaring sound of a siren disrupted the calmness. Everyone stopped and stared up at the sky. Then they ran, toward signs that read "SHELTER." I watched them flee like cattle, running for safety against I knew not what.

Abruptly, I saw an old man emerge from a nearby building. It was Jamie, David's son! He was wearing a metal hat, and a uniform of sorts. "What's happening?" I asked excitedly. "Air raid! It'll be coming any minute! Get to the shelter!"

I did not comply, and he lingered there with me a moment longer. He appeared to recognize me, but his mind refused to accept the truth. Then he pointed to the sky and shouted, "It's here! An atomic satellite! Run!" As he hurried off, I ran for my machine. It was obvious that the approaching object was dangerous, and I did not want to take the chance of having my time machine damaged.

I reached the device just as the alien object struck the ground. The explosion that followed was tremendous! It literally blew the city apart! Luckily, it was far enough away so I was not injured. But it made me ill. The labor of centuries was gone in an instant. I had not seen the actual explosion, but I watched as a mushroom-like cloud formed over the illuminated area of destruction. It was awful! Certainly, no living thing could have survived such a blast! London was no more ...

EARTH ERUPTS!

Suddenly, without warning, Mother Earth, aroused by man's violence, responded with volcanic fury of her own. The street split, and molten lava poured forth. Within moments, everything in front of me was inundated by the flowing lake of death. I watched and then realized my own danger! I too was about to be engulfed! I quickly pushed the control lever all the way forward! An instant later, the red liquid was upon me! It covered what was left of my home and then hardened. Only my speed saved me

too quickly. It spun around and toppled. I hit the ground with a thud, but was not harmed. Dusting myself off, I righted the machine and looked at the date. It was the year 892,701!

At last I thought that I had found a paradise. The air was clear and sweet-smelling, the vegetation beautiful, and the atmosphere so peaceful that I could hardly believe I was still on Earth. After removing a crystal knob from my machine—thus rendering it inoperable—I walked over to one of the buildings. To my dismay, I found the edifice to be in great need of repair. From its appearance, it had not been serviced or lived in for centuries. Could this land truly be a paradise, if there was no one in it but myself? I walked up the stairs and into a great hall. There was fresh, gigantic fruit set in bowls, but no one was about. I called out, but only my echo replied.

I left the chamber and walked some distance away from the building. Then I heard human voices! Hungry for companionship, and overwhelmed with curiosity, I crashed through the foliage as I ran to meet the inheritors of future Earth. The voices grew louder. There was laughter. I was going in the right direction! Finally, I reached a clearing. What I saw astounded me. The people were all young and beautiful, and perfectly formed, though small. They were basking in the sunlight or swimming. Apparently, all knowledge of work and hardship had been forgotten. Now man had time only for pleasure.

from being roasted alive and ceased in stone forever. I was in the dark, cut off from the life-giving sunlight. I lit a match to see what year it was, but the time dial spun so fast that I could not distinguish anything. I prayed, wondering how many centuries must pass before the wind and rain could wear away the mountains of lava that enclosed me. I wondered if man would still exist on Earth when next I saw the sun.

I put my trust in time and waited for the rock to wear down around me. Then, finally, I was free again! An opening appeared in the top of the layer, and I watched in awe as the rock wore away. I watched vegetation spring up around me again and in the distance I could see the construction of strange-looking buildings. So man had survived! Or ... had something replaced man as the dominant race on Earth? I pointed this possibility for a while and then decided to find out the truth for myself.

BAD BRAKE

In my excitement, I braked the machine

Suddenly I heard a cry for help! Looking around, I saw a young woman being swept away by the current. No one was paying any attention to her frantic shouts. "Help her!" I yelled. "Don't just sit there! Someone help her!" But no one responded to my call. It was as if the residents of the future did not know, or care, about the danger. I threw off my jacket and leaped in after her. I saved her life, but when we reached the shore, all she did was get up and walk off!

Suddenly, all of the people got up and headed toward the building I had explored. I accompanied them and sat at one of the tables. As we ate the delicious fruit, I asked them many questions. I soon learned that they were a non-productive society. They had no government, no laws. No one worked. They did not even cultivate the crops they were before us. In fact, they had reached such a state of lethargy that my very questions began to tire them!

They were disinterested in my statement that I was from the past. Finally, however, one of them took me to



Even the intuitively aesthetic Eloi are initially preferable to the underground Morlocks who are interested in achieving nothing, beyond the methodical decimation of the aboveground populace. Doesn't sound like progress to us

their library. The shelves were covered with a multitude of books and dust. I anxiously grabbed one of the volumes ... and it crumbled in my hands!

This was too much! "What have you done?" I shouted, startling them. "You've allowed thousands of years of creating crumble to dust! For what? So you can swim and play? I'm sick of you! You're a disgusting bunch of loafers who don't deserve any of this!"

With that, I left them. I walked back sadly to where I had left my time machine, determined to return to my own era. At least, men lived there. I would not tell anyone of the future. I only wanted to return so that I could die among men ...

When I reached the spot where I had left the device, I saw to my horror that it was gone! I quickly checked my pocket to make sure that the crystal was there. It

was. Without it, the machine could not be started. I found evidence that the device had been dragged behind a metal wall, part of a building that had a sphinx-like structure on its roof. I pounded on the door, yelling, "Let me in!" I was furious, but my attempts were in vain.

SINISTER SUBTERRANEANS

I turned around and discovered that Weena, the girl whose life I had saved, had followed me. She had come to warn me that, since night was falling, I should find safety. When I asked her why, she said something about Morlocks—a race of beings who lived beneath the earth and came out only in darkness.

Of course, I considered what she said to be a fairy tale. Ignoring her pleas, I began gathering some wood for a fire. As I spread out the wood, I noticed that

someone was watching us from the dense bushes. I lit the match to find out who it was, and the watcher screamed and fled. "A Morlock!" Weena informed me.

It seemed that the Morlocks could not stand light. They were dangerous creatures of the night, inhuman in mind and form. I convinced Weena that the fire would protect us, and she confessed that she had never seen a flame before. As we sat there, conversing, I decided that her people did need help after all. They lived in constant terror of the monstrous beings who, by the way, were the ones who had stolen my time machine.

The next day, Weena took me to an isolated section of the library and led me to a glass table, atop which lay several shiny discs. Picking one up, she said, "These talking buttons may tell you what you want to know." She was right. The voice-coils related the events leading up to and following the last war on Earth. It had been an atomic war, and most of humanity had been wiped out. The survivors divided themselves into two groups. One of these went below ground, seeking safety from the lethal radiation. They formed their own civilization under the earth and eventually evolved into the creatures known as Morlocks. Weena told me the rest. Those who had remained aboveground became known as Eloi and they were eventually subjugated by the Morlocks. While the creatures cared for the Eloi, providing them with food and clothing, they occasionally took the older humans down into the ground. The adults were never heard from again, and I could only guess what their collective fate was.

When I asked Weena how I could reach the Morlocks, she led me to a group of large concrete holes in the ground. I told her that I was going to descend one of them, and she became very sad. After telling me that I would never return, she gave me a beautiful flower, the likes of which I had never seen before. I thanked her, realizing that she had taken a liking to me, and then began my downward journey.

Shortly after I began my descent, I heard a loud siren. The sound was very



The Time Traveler wages a one-man war against a multitude of monstrous Morlocks. Though shrunken out of shape, the Morlocks, in terms of sheer numbers, would seem to have the edge.

reminiscent of the one I had heard that fateful day in 1966. Surely, no aircraft had survived the cons. I called to Weena, but she did not reply. Suspecting that something was wrong, I climbed out of the well.

ELOI'S COMING!

Reaching the surface, I saw a great crowd of the Eloi. They were all walking, trance-like, toward the sphinx structure, where the air raid sirens originated. The people seemed hypnotized by the piercing sound. I grabbed one of them and demanded, "What's happening? Where are you all going?"

"To the shelter," he replied. "To safety."

I could not believe my ears. Could some distant, unseen enemy still be waging war on the defenseless people of the future?

I ran on, trying desperately to find Weena, my only friend. Though she had been safe within her house, she had left it to warn me of the Morlocks. This proved that mankind was not doomed to atrophy. Weena possessed a sacrificial quality, which, I was certain, existed in all of her people; all that was required was someone to reawaken the spirit of self-sacrifice. I was determined to do that and I hoped only that I would be given the opportunity to succeed.

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The Eloi are no help at all in the initial stages of the struggle, but the Time Traveler finally succeeds in inspiring them to join in the fight for their own survival.



For those of you who might have missed it, Al Schuster's 1974 International Star Trek Convention proved to be a resounding success ... much more so than anyone had even anticipated. Over the four days that the con was held, more than 12,000 Trekkies showed up to watch Star Trek episodes, buy and barter in the dealers' rooms, hear and enjoy talks by Star Trek luminaries like Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei and Walter Koenig,

and to generally immerse themselves in an exciting atmosphere of pure Star Trek ... and nothing BUT Star Trek. The crowded convention attracted a goodly number of camera crews from local New York TV stations, too, and generally made itself heard above the usual urban roar ... no easy feat, that. To commemorate the occasion, we decided to run these exclusive TMT photos snapped during the course of the 1974 International Star Trek Convention.



STAR TREK LIVES!



The history of **STAR TREK** is well known to all science fiction fans. The first season on American television brought it many times the audience and support that the network had anticipated. Collapsing under the pressure of promoting the show and futuristic way of life, the show presented *After the second season*, the network decided to cancel the popular program. Hundreds of thousands of letters poured into the offices of NBC protesting the move and soon the show was reinstated for another fantastic year.

And one of the secrets of the show's success was the star, William Shatner, who, though paid discovered by millions of **STAR TREK** fans, was no new face to either television or to show business in general. Shatner is a busy man, a bit of a perfectionist, and a man who values his privacy. He gives few interviews and guards his family against undue exposure. "After all," he says, "they're just living their lives, going to school and the undue publicity would harm their academic and social lives." However, publicity is what makes up a good part of an actor's diet, and Shatner was gracious enough to allow us an audience.

A native of Montreal, Canada, Shatner now resides in Hollywood, California with his three daughters by his first wife (actress Gloria Rand) and his recently wed second wife, Mary Lafferty, daughter of producer Perry Lafferty. Stated in the spacious back patio of his home, Shatner seemed a bit nervous when he was faced with the prospect of a fifteen-minute interview for the press. Resigned to doing the interview, Shatner assumed what looked like a semi-comfortable position in his chair and waited for the barrage of questions to begin.

TMT: How did you get into show business in the first place? I hear that your father wanted you to join him in the family clothing business.

SHATNER: Yes, but I had done some acting in a school play when I was eight years old, and that kicked off the whole career. I guess I enrolled in a professional school for children when I was ten. My father wasn't very happy with it, but he felt that I was entitled to try my luck.

TMT: Your luck has been very good so far. Did the special schooling really help you get started?

SHATNER: I think so, certainly. I did voices for local Canadian radio programs when I was going to school and that helped pay for college. That was back in the days of live radio drama. That time I was involved in almost every theatrical group on the campus at McGill University. It was satisfying, but exhausting.

TMT: Your first really important role was in *Henry IV* when you were with the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare

Say It Ain't So Dept.: William Shatner hawks a lower-priced spread called *Promise to Shogun* (Trekles around the world). And Bill Caldwell told our Media Editor that he was in it for the money, not the glory, all along.



Though the original **STAR TREK** has long since made its last flight, ex-Enterprise commander William Shatner manages to keep himself busy with, among other things, a guest shot on the Canadian-based **AMAZING! KRESKIN** show. Here the amazing **TV** mentalist is probably trying to visualize how much bread Bill has in his wallet.

AN EXCLUSIVE TMT INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM SHATNER

Company. Do you prefer classical parts?

SHATNER: I prefer something that I'm comfortable in and that is a challenge to me as an actor. I joined the Stratford company right after college. Actually, I had assumed that role you mentioned, *Henry IV*, on about three hours' notice when someone got it and couldn't make the performance. It was quite an experience, but then I was very busy then. I also was a member of the Mount Royal Playhouse and I had to commute between the two stock companies. I think I did over 60 plays that summer, plus the television and radio stints.

TMT: What was the best thing you did at the Stratford Festival?

SHATNER: Most critics seem to think it was *Lambertine*. I liked everything I did.

TMT: Wasn't that the production in which you met your first wife?

SHATNER: Uh, yes. I met Gloria while we were rehearsing it. And um... what else?

It was obvious that Shatner wanted that I had shipped that reference to his first wife, actress Gloria Rand, whom he married August 12, 1956 after a four-month courtship at rehearsals and during runs of *Lambertine*. He squirmed in his chair like he was sitting on a bar and I thought it best to get off the subject and back to his career.

TMT: *Lambertine* only lasted in New York for a few performances and then you were offered a contract from 20th Century Fox.

SHATNER: That's right.

TMT: Why did you turn it down? Most actors would give their right arm to be under contract to a major motion picture studio at that early point in their careers.

SHATNER: At the time I didn't want to be tied down. I had an offer from the CBC in Toronto to do a television play which I had written called *Dreams*, and the chance to do my own project was much more exciting to me than doing things that a studio would dictate to me. I don't regret not taking that contract. I did my show and went to Edinburgh with *Henry VI*. When I returned to New York I had no trouble finding lots of work in television.

TMT: But you did sign the second contract offer with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Why the change of heart?

SHATNER: It wasn't a change of heart. I wanted to do some films and my agent had heard of a few projects that MGM had that he thought would be good for me.

SHATNER ON SCREEN

"Good for me!" was an understatement. Shatner made *THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV* with Tui Brynner and

received critical praise for his first major film. Then he was offered the lead role in the Broadway production of *THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG*, a play adapted from the best-selling novel. At great financial sacrifice, Shatner almost cleaned out his bank account and bought out his contract with MGM, returned to New York and accepted the play offer. It was a good move, because the play ran for 10 months with rave reviews and hefty praise for Shatner.

TMT: After *SUZIE WONG* you did *SHOT IN THE DARK* and some other plays. Do you test the theater is better than television or films as far as satisfaction for the actor is concerned?

SHATNER: Each form of entertainment has its good and bad points. I think they cancel each other out. They're all equally satisfying and/or dissatisfying to me. It depends on the part.

TMT: Did you anticipate the great degree of success *STAR TREK* would have when you were first approached for the part of Captain Kirk?

SHATNER: He always been a sort of fan. Prior to doing *STAR TREK*, I had done a number of segments of *Red Serrano's TWILIGHT ZONE*.

TMT: Is that why you were picked for the show?

SHATNER: I'm not too sure why I was picked. Actually I was picked as a second choice. They had made a pilot show with a now deceased actor, Jeffrey Hunter, and the NBC network programming people liked the idea for the show, but not the cast. I was asked to do the second pilot show and I accepted the offer of a network series partly because of the interesting nature of the story lines. Gene Roddenberry showed me and partly because as an actor, who was being by the possibilities of the show... plus the fact that it was a network show and I was being offered the lead.

TMT: Since you have a fair for the CBC back in Toronto and you've written an episode for the *STAR TREK* series?

SHATNER: No, but I did contribute some ideas that were used for episodes during the run of the show. One of them was on a sort of Vietnam subject. I can't seem to remember the other ones. It's been some time...

AWKWARD INQUIRY

Shatner shifted himself in his chair again, trying to get as comfortable as possible and hoping the subject would shift else, to something that wouldn't make him seem awkward. He is constantly aware... over way of his public image. He continued his broken thoughts.

SHATNER: I've been doing as much recently that much of the *STAR TREK* data has been pushed back in my mind.



William Shatner succumbs to the whimsical charm of Joan Collins in *HAROLD ELLISON'S THE CITY ON THE EDGE OF FOREVER*, a popular *ST* episode that involved one of Captain Kirk's rare forays into an affair of the heart.

"As an actor, the STAR TREK series was probably the easiest I've ever done. There was so much variation... so much challenge for me that I never got tired of it..."

TMT: What was the hardest thing about doing a show like STAR TREK as compared to the other television shows you've done?

SHATNER: As an actor, the STAR TREK series was probably the easiest I've done. There was so much variation, so much challenge for me that I never got tired of it... and it ran for three years. I always looked forward to getting up for work, whereas a lot of fellows I know who are leads in television series are bored to death playing the same thing week after week.

TMT: And, of course, the stories themselves were fascinating.

SHATNER: Sure. When we were successful combining the philosophy with the technique and action and adventure, it became a very successful series. I loved doing it. I was sorry when it was over.

TMT: Now that the live STAR TREK isn't television and they have started to produce the animated version, do you think the animated version is a good idea?

SHATNER: I don't know what you mean by "a good idea."

TMT: Well, Gene Roddenberry keeps impressing on me that the animated STAR TREK is just the same show produced in a different way and not a children's version.

SHATNER: Well, if that's the case, it's a shame that they put it on Saturday mornings with the rest of the kids' cartoon shows.

TMT: You do the voice of Captain Kirk for the animated version. Why do you stay with it? Is it sort of like going home to a time when everything was secure or do you just like the show that much?

SHATNER: I like the show, certainly. I also like the money attached to it. I saw no reason why I shouldn't do the show. It doesn't take that much time. Leonard Nimoy, who played Spock in the live STAR TREK, also does his own voice for the animated version. It helps reinforce the show.

TMT: It's true that you used to play practical jokes on Nimoy when the live show was filming?

SHATNER: We used to do a few things to him. Once we cut the chain on his bicycle and hid it in the rafters of the sound stage. Another time we ate and shopped at his home back East. Then we used to play jokes on the crew. Was fun because it was a very enjoyable show to do and everyone liked everybody else. There were minor clashes occasionally, mostly over billing on the show between seasons, but we worked that out and 99 percent of the time we got just fine.

TMT: What contribution do you think STAR TREK has made to science fiction as an art form?

SHATNER: I think ours was the first series, film or show that dealt with space fiction themes in terms of philosophy and human beings and not just cops and robbers or cowboys and Indians with heavy dragaplatas and spaceships. Our characters, human or alien, had emotions, feelings and cultures of their own, which is something future space explorers will have to contend with.

TMT: You seem to value your privacy very much. Is it embarrassing to be constantly sought after as Captain Kirk? Do you have people in your public for autographs?

SHATNER: I do like to spend my off-camera time with my family. I think the public landing is something that every actor has to accept. It's just that most people pick the wrong times to ask for things like autographs and interviews like restaurants and when I'm out with my children I have this instinctual reflex to duck... or hide whenever someone strange identifies me. Of course, it does come in handy to be a celebrity in getting a table at a crowded restaurant or night club.

TMT: Would you ever consider another science fiction series?



This genuine, authentic fan club souvenir photo of William Shatner is inscribed "My Best." Whether that means he's extending his best wishes or just that he considers this his best photo has yet to be determined.

SHATNER: I'd think about it a bit, but I might if it were good enough. I have done science fiction movies for television and I have some scripts that I and a writer friend of mine have put together. Some of those are horror or science fiction themes. I like the genre. Not that it's all I like, I still play the classics on stage and do straight roles.

HIGH-PRICED SPREAD

TMT: Speaking of other things you do, I was astonished the other night to see you doing a commercial for negative. Why does a very steady working actor have to stoop to hustling margarine on television?

SHATNER: A lot of money. If I told you how much they paid me for that single commercial, you would think it unreal. I need it, too, not just for my company, I formed my own company, Lemli Productions, and I have quite a few future projects that I hope to get off the ground soon.

TMT: Any directional ambitions?

SHATNER: Yes, those too. I've been directing a lot of stage productions in the last five years and I've done four or five films and television directing assignments, too.

TMT: What do you do in your spare time when you get a chance to relax?

SHATNER: Well, I like to spend time with my children and, when I am not working, they occupy a great deal of my spare time. I just married a wonderful girl and our family life is basically what I do. We ski and ride motorcycles and swim and go camping out. That sort of thing...

TMT: How do your own children react to the fame and fortune of their father?

SHATNER: They accept it as their father's job. Sometimes I'm away for a while doing a film, but most of the time I try to be an average 9-to-5 father to them.

TMT: I didn't get their names and ages. Do any of them have a desire to go into show business?

SHATNER: Well, there's Leslie, Melanie and Elisabeth... that's where I got the name for my company, Lemli. That other stuff you asked really has no bearing on this does it? I mean, they have their lives and I just let them develop without getting involved in this. You know what I mean?

NEWS GHOUL GETS MESSAGE

I knew what he meant, all right. He meant that I should stay away from the personal questions, because he wasn't going to answer any. As he put it, "I haven't been doing interviews at all, but now that I've paid this public relations firm some money, I guess I have to do a few."

So, reluctantly I suppose, he gave me this interview. It isn't that surprising that he has little time either with all his acting and directing commitments, his family and his other hobbies: photography, raising Doberman, flying his plane, singing (he has an LP on the market), and skin-diving.

As I readjusted my tape recorder, I remembered some questions, not so personal, that might prolong the visit. Shatner had been nervous all along because a movie for television had made a few months back with Andy Griffith was being seen that evening and he wanted to watch it. He always watches himself, not out of ego, but because he likes to evaluate his own work... over and over again.

TMT: What are you working on right now?

SHATNER: A horror-space show... with theological overtones. I can't go into it too much depth because it hasn't been bought yet. I also just did a record called *The Transformed Man* that has me reading some of the classics. Then I also have a one-man show that I take around.

TMT: What do you do in the one-man show?

SHATNER: Songs... play the guitar a bit, and prose.

TMT: Do you ever get to see any of the old STAR TREK crew?

SHATNER: Oddly enough, I haven't. With all the films and television and stage work I've done, I haven't worked with any of them. I have seen Leonard Nimoy a few times. We get together for a sandwich or something and giggle a lot, but I don't get to see anyone else professionally or socially.

TMT: Do you harbor inside of yourself some secret, cherished desire—either a play or a part you want to do?

SHATNER: No... I'd just like to do one of my projects. That's my secret, cherished wish.

Shatner looked at his watch. His eyes lit up and he began to spring out of his chair. Remembering his situation, he slowed down, rose gently and said, "I hope you'll excuse me, but my show is on now." That was my hint to get lost. I thanked him for his time and made a clean exit.



Just so as genuine and equally authentic fan club souvenir shot captures Captain Kirk in a thoughtful mood as he ponders which strange new world the Enterprise will cruise off to next. Wherever it is, you can bet it will be a place where no man has gone before.

THE CURSE OF MARVIN, THE DEAD-SWAMP-MAN-HEAP-THING?

OR
SLIME MARCHES ON!
BY DOUG MURRAY



This romantically inclined, nasal blonde doesn't know it yet but her boyfriend's eyes have just seen the gory glory of the Spectre of the Swamp on this cover from DC's THE PHANTOM STRANGER #14, 1971. While and spectra doesn't look bad as far as swamp things go, he doesn't appear in this form inside the book in the strip written by Len Wein and drawn by Terry De Zureno. Not only is his appearance much naeier, but it turns out he's not "really" a swamp monster at all. You can't trust nobody no more.

Slimy, amorphous, anti-social creatures bent on revenge abound in today's comic industry. And we're not talking only about the people who write, draw and publish the stuff, but the characters featured in the books as well. Comics moguls have discovered a frightening formula: ugly creatures = handsome protists—and have capitalized on this discovery by turning out such slimy superheroes as Swamp Thing, Man-Thing, the Heap, Marvin the Dead Thing and other awesome embodiments of adolescent body-hate. Here to tell the terrifying tale of these shapeless superstars' rise from the swamps to the top of the comic book industry is TMT comic ace Doug Murray.

"You rise now out of the muck and slime, feeling the tension of new muscles under your sealy flesh..."

"From murky, polluted waters a corpse rises..."

"He surveyed the sapping layers of tumorous flesh, the rigging, seemingly melted body that would some day be known as the Heap!"

"The misshapen monstrosity presses deeper into the shadows surrounding the single wooden structure that rises from the bog..."

All of these quotes could be from the same story... but they're not. Each is from a different publisher, each serves to identify that company's version of the newest phenomenon in the "inhuman-monster/superhero" market... the Swamp Creatures.

Perhaps the first of the swamp creatures was the Heap, not the Heap of Skywald's "horror-mood" line, but the Heap of the '60s and AIR BOY comics. This was a different sort of Heap; this Heap was an Allied pilot who, following a fatal crash, found himself resurrected as a

The original Heap, on whom future muck models were more or less based, found a home in the patriotic AIRBOY Comics of the '60s, fighting Nazis and Communists with equal aplomb.



shaggy, totally horrible, misshapen creature. Determined to continue his fight against the forces of evil despite this unsightly transformation, the Heap joined forces with Airboy and battled the Nazis and, later, the red saboteurs of the '40s comes. With the end of Airboy came the apparent end of the Heap.

National was the next outfit to get into the act. HOUSE OF SECRETS #92 introduced a new twist to the swamp creature. "Swamp Thing" was originally conceived as a one-shot mystery story; after all, how could a horribly misshapen and ghastly ugly creature ever be accepted by the public as the "hero" of a comic book? The story of Alex and Linda Olsen was to be a rather straightforward "revenge from the grave" sort of thing, the kind of tale that would give young Bernie Wrightson a chance to use his considerable talents in drawing moody, macabre scenes in a looser-than-usual format.

Wrightson did just that. Using his neighbors, Weezie Jones (wife of artist Jeff Jones) and an evilly posturing Mike Kautz, for inspiration, Wrightson proceeded to give Len Wein's literate script a life of its own. Alex Olsen, young research scientist, is murdered by his partner Damien Ridge so that Ridge can get the things he covets—namely, the fruits of Alex's labors and Alex's beautiful wife Linda.

But Alex is not dead! Through some freak of nature, his body, caught in a chemical explosion, has not been destroyed. Rather, it has been transformed into a misshapen "Swamp Thing." This Swamp Thing has some rudimentary memories of

its earlier life. Most of all it remembers the need for revenge and eventually shows up at the home of Damien Ridge and his new bride (the former Linda Olsen) to gain it. After killing Ridge, the swamp creature turns to his love, expecting welcome arms and loving warmth. Instead it finds only repulsion. Seeing its reflection in a nearby glass, the Swamp Thing realizes why and retreats into the swamp, there to remain until the end of its days.

SWAMP OF LONELINESS

The scene where the Swamp Thing returns to the swamp is one of melancholy beauty. The idea that this hideous being is torn by loneliness and cannot (because of its new physical construction) shed a tear is a sensitive and poignant one, and there is no doubt that the reader's sympathy is with this creature rather than with the "humans" it has left behind. Indeed, reader sympathy was so much with the creature, and reader mail so heavy in its favor, that National took the risk of giving Swamp Thing its own magazine.

Wise! National left the awfully-spawned title in the hands of its original creators, Len Wein and Bernie Wrightson. They decided to start off with a new origin story rather than ride back to the (now) two-year-old HOUSE OF SECRETS story. Besides, they wanted to change the Swamp Thing's motivations somewhat and add new characters. And so "Dark Genesis" was born. Here we see two young research scientists, Alex and Linda Holland (not Olsen) moving into a home in the swamps, there to live and carry out their experiments in bio-restoration, the technique of regenerating lost tissue. Although they are working for the government, other forces are interested in the results of their work, and one of these groups, led by a man called Ferrett, attempts to get the young scientist to sell out. When Holland refuses, Ferrett plants a bomb that blows up his lab and, apparently, kills Holland. Continuing in his efforts to get the formula, Ferrett now goes to Holland's widow, Linda, and threatens to kill her if she doesn't cooperate.



...appearing in a one-shot story in National's HOUSE OF SECRETS, the Swamp Thing was such a hit that he soon got a book of his own. In the original origin story the Swamp Thing began life as a scientist named Alex with a wife named Linda. In the revamped origin story he became a scientist named "Alex" with a wife named Linda. Got that? "We hope so..." it's important. You never know when someone might spring a surprise plot on you.

ate. When she too refuses, he shoots her in cold blood.

But Alex Holland is not dead. Saturated by chemicals in the explosion, blown into a swamp replete with organic material, Alex Holland is reborn—in the misshapen body of the Swamp Thing. Shuffling toward his home, intent on protesting his beloved wife, Holland hears a shot and, finding Linda dead on the floor, goes berserk. Finding Ferrett and his men attempting



This real, dirty and more than a little bit sleazy Heep was drawn by the late Bill Everett, creator of THE SUB-MARINER, and appeared on the back cover of PSYCHO #4, 1971. A well-known Heep like this is worth a dozen of them other kinds of Heeps, by our lights at least.

to get away in an auto, the Swamp Thing stops them short, and, with his newfound strength, makes short work of them.

In the following tales, Wrightson and Wein explored the full range of macabre story lines, having Swamp Thing tangle with a warlock, a witch, a werewolf, a Frankenstein-like creature, and a blob-like monster.

But in SWAMP THING #7 they outdid themselves. Here, Swamp Thing meets Batman, or, rather, in this version, Bat-Thing. Wrightson's Batman is the Neal Adams version taken to the nth degree. It is a real creature of the night, strangely inhuman and clad in a cloak that

appears, in some parts, to be at least 30 feet long. In any case, Batman, like every other human in Gotham City, thinks Swamp Thing is a dangerous monster. Actually, Swamp Thing is attempting to save government agent Matt Cable (an old friend and regular character) from a man named Arzenn, a man who is the head of the ring that made Holland what he is (and killed his wife). Fighting the Batman off with his superhuman strength, Swamp Thing accomplishes his mission and moves back into the night, his revenge complete.

The story is a classic both in scope and artwork. Wrightson's use of both Swamp Thing and Batman is superb and there is no doubt the story will sweep all comic-oriented awards in the next year. Swamp Thing, however, is about to change. Wrightson has decided to drop the series, feeling he has done all he can with the material at hand. National, knowing they have a winner on their hands, doesn't want to cease publication and so will place a new artist, probably one of the young Filippinos, on the job. Whether the result will be Swamp Thing as we know him is impossible to say at present.

MARVEL'S MUCK-MONSTER

Marvel's entry into the Swamp Creature sweetstakes took place soon after the popularity of Wrightson's HOUSE OF SECRETS story became apparent. Marvel, not wanting to be caught unprepared, produced a swamp character of their own. Man-Thing premiered in SAVAGE TALES #1. In the origin story (reprinted in MONSTERS UNLEASHED #3, with an Adams cover), young scientist (what else?) Ted Sallis is working on a formula that will turn an ordinary man into a super-soldier, capable of incredible feats of strength and

stamina. Sallis, having finished this formula, is attempting to turn it over to the government when he is betrayed by his girl friend into the hands of enemy spies in a agents. Breaking away, Sallis nearly drowns, and in an attempt to save all, injects himself with the serum. But the car crashes and Sallis is thrown into a swamp where, with the formula reacting upon his body and his body reacting with the polluted water of the swamp around him, Ted is turned into a hideous Man-Thing, a thing that has very little of his human personality and intelligence left. ... A thing that senses fear and acts to suppress it ... a thing bent, for the moment, on vengeance.

Finding those who have caused its creation, the Man-Thing crushes them all like insects, leaving only the girl, his former paramour, alive. But she is not unchanged—insane with fear, she is touched by the Man-Thing and that touch brings a burning agony, a scar that will never heal either physically or mentally. His mission accomplished, the Man-Thing returns to the swamp.

The first Man-Thing story was stylishly done, well-written by Gerry Conway and Roy Thomas and brilliantly drawn by Gray Morrow. Working for the black and white reproduction of SAVAGE TALES, Morrow was able to use all the tricks of wash and shading which artists of his calibre are capable of. The result is page after page of almost three-dimensional beauty. The Man-Thing stands as a tribute to Morrow's ability to do quality material.

Marvel, however, now had a problem. Man-Thing was a hit, but SAVAGE TALES no longer existed, and the non-distribution of SAVAGE TALES meant that many had never seen that fine origin story. They decided to take a chance and make the Man-Thing the lead character in ADVENTURE INTO FEAR with a cover by Gray Morrow and a short, introductory segment filling in details of the Man-Thing's origin. The story concerned a rather unimportant adventure with bad



Gray Morrow's magic pen didn't fail him when he drew this for SAVAGE TALES. Though that particular title folded, Man-Thing tread on in ADVENTURE INTO FEAR.

father and abandoned baby, but it served to set the tone for further adventures. The Man-Thing's powers were defined, and humanity's fear of the ugly and deformed was effectively conveyed. The following stories served to lead the Man-Thing down a different path than that of Swamp Thing. Rather than a reasoning creature seeking out those who hurt him, Man-Thing wants only peace. As something neither human nor beast, however, he becomes the focus of strange forces, forces which can be described only as occult. With the introduction of young Jennifer Kale, a witch with a strange affinity for the creature, Man-Thing delved fully into the black-magic vein started by Doctor Strange. We discover that Man-Thing's swamp—which he needs to live—is the focal point between our dimension and another, a focal point that may be destroyed by the construction of a

Continued on page 29

Skylark's PSYCHO #13 proved to be an unlucky number for dead-in-the-swamp Heep fans, for it was in that comic that the "Old Heep" was replaced by a "New Heep." And the New Heep was outfitted with his parents—simple farm folks—and retired to a life of lowly contentment down on the farm. While Heep fans may have been disappointed by this disturbingly tender turn in events, we at TMT still think that the strip was one of the best and funniest ever to appear in an overground comic.



It's easy enough being a big heap in a little pond, but Marvel's Man-Thing is one muck monster who has to constantly contend with other contenders. In this case, the would-be inheritor of the swamp throne is a thing named GLOB. Question: TMT readers will notice that GLOB is S.O.L.G. spelled backwards.



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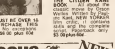
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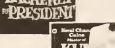
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John Boorman's sci-fi spectacle, **ZARDOZ**, has been a source of critical controversy ever since its initial release earlier this year. Some viewers have sat before it in rapt fascination; others have dozed through it; still others have walked out on it. **TMT** Media Editor R. Allen Leider feels that the film's abstract and innuendo nature turns off the woolly-minded segment of the movie-going public, but the fact is that many people with smarts to spare (like **N.Y. TIMES** critic Vincent Canby) have also turned thumbs down on **ZARDOZ**. But ever since we learned how to talk, our own Mr. Leider

BY R. ALLEN
LEIDER

has had nothing but good things to say about the film and takes the opportunity to say a few of them here.

As conceived by John Boorman, who wrote, produced and directed this odyssey into a bleak future, the Earth is divided into territories ruled by highly stratified societies.

The **ETERNALS** are immortals descended from the scientists of the old order who founded the Vortex, their city. **ETERNALS** live on a spiritual plane without passions. They are highly privileged and death is forbidden to them. They may age only as punishment for crimes and, if accidentally killed, an **ETERNAL** may be completely rebuilt by means of super-surgery. The Vortex, in which the **ETERNALS** live, is a commune formed back in 1960, when industrial society as we know it collapsed. Scientists used their advanced knowledge to create this city and protected it from outsiders with a gravitational force-field. Thus, the Vortex became the "safe-depository for man's knowledge."

Society in the Vortex is not made up only of **ETERNALS**. Their lower classes include renegades, persistent offenders or criminals who are segregated and doomed to lives of eternal servitude. There are also **APATHETICS**—**ETERNALS** who have become weary of the easy life and have lapsed into catatonic states. They are the immortal emotional basket cases and are supposedly supported by the active community.

The active community's life centers around the Tabernacle or brainroom. In this chamber, **ETERNALS** go for analysis and/or repair. They also are linked to the Tabernacle's analysis computer via a communicator ring, a piece of highly sophisticated jewelry that allows **ETERNALS** to talk and transmit words and pictures. It is commonly used for voting and can also supply Vortex members with knowledge from the computer bank.

The voting process is the way of life in

the Vortex and is effected through a system of computerized crystals implanted in the brains of the **ETERNALS**. The crystals transmit the life cycles of the **ETERNALS** to the computer in the Tabernacle, where the information is analyzed and stored for future reference in case of damage or death by accident. There is no government in the Vortex, so authority, and the entire community is run by means of this voting and polling system.

DARK SIDE OF EARTH

Boorman's Earth 2293 also has its dark, mysterious and dangerous side. This is the land of the **BRUTALS**. The **BRUTALS** are the outcasts of the 1990 society. They live in the Outlands, a polluted wasteland, vast and desolate, lying beyond the verdant plains of the Vortex. The **BRUTALS** live at a minimal subsistence level and are very dangerous. The most perilous of all is the caste known as the **EXTERMINTORS**. Their title tells you their function: They are a privileged and powerful group of **BRUTALS**, physically and mentally superior, bred by the **ETERNALS** for the purpose of killing. They are the slave masters, harnessing their own kind to harvest food for the **ETERNALS**, as well as hunting and killing their enemies.

And what is **ZARDOZ**? **ZARDOZ** is the terrible god of the **BRUTALS**—a monstrous machine made in the image of a flying head, fashioned by the **ETERNALS'** chief scientist Arthur Frayn to terrify and control the superstitious tribesmen. **ZARDOZ** can fly and float over the Outlands to remind the **BRUTALS** of their place. It is also a cargo ship, transporting guns and ammunition for the **EXTERMINTORS** and carrying food back to the Vortex. Flying via gravitational pull, it resembles a huge **MT. Rushmore** carving and is

most awesome sight... as it was designed to be.

But why **ZARDOZ**?

That is our story.

And what a story it is! Our hero is Zed (Sean Connery, former James Bond 007 star), a superior Brutal Exterminator bred for a special mission, but by whom and for what mission remains unknown. Zed has been taught by a mysterious robed figure to read and think logically, abilities that other **BRUTALS** are denied. The Merlin-like figure behind this secret mission is Arthur Frayn (Niall Buggy), who created **ZARDOZ** to aid him in his mission-control of the Outlands. He trains the **EXTERMINTORS** to kill the breeding **BRUTALS** to curb population expansion, these

to use the remaining peasants to the vast crops for the **ETERNALS**.

Zed stows away inside the fantastic machine and is taken in by the **ETERNALS**, who simultaneously seek to humiliate the answer to their prayers and fear in him the destruction of their way of life. His keeper is May (Sara Kestelman), a beautiful scientist who probes every molecule and memory of his being in search of... something. But what? May's opponent is Consuela (Charlotte Rampling), a fiery **ETERNAL** and close confidant of May's, who sees Zed as someone who is dangerous to her relationship with May and to the Vortex at large. Rodering both of these ladies is Friend (John Alderton), a cynical **ETERNAL** on the verge of becoming a renegade. Sick of immortality and bored beyond imagination, Friend decided long ago to aid Arthur Frayn in the secret mission for which Zed was created.

Does Zed complete his mission? What is the dread secret of the flying machine **ZARDOZ** and Arthur Frayn? And how does a children's story book fire the revolution that topples the Vortex? These are the questions that Boorman plays with and answers in the 105 minutes it takes to tell the tale.

THEMES LIKE OLD TIMES

Thematically, **ZARDOZ** is the most fantastic science fiction movie I have seen since **FORBIDDEN PLANET**. It is very intellectual and abstract in its reasoning and logic. Younger fans may have trouble with the concepts as they will with the PG rating (due to the nudity and violence contained in the story). Many people walked out of the showing I attended with blank stares on their faces. **ZARDOZ** is an intellectual science fiction puzzle much like the novels of Isaac Asimov—you have to know something about abstract science to get 100% of the meat out of this cinematic meat.

Once you have managed to comprehend the themes and story line, you have only to accept John Boorman's almost perfect direction. Most of the time he is in complete control of his subject, but occasionally he slips into the kind of direction one expects to see in, say, **LOST IN SPACE**. He also has a tendency to use too many techniques and designs he has borrowed from other films. As a result, **ZARDOZ** is a quilt of filmic techniques, gimmicks and camera tricks. Yet, within the super-futuristic, abstract context of the story, it is plausible enough if you just relax and enjoy it, saving criticism for your post-viewing rap session.

The costumes, scanty as they are, reflect the time of dress we have seen in Flash Gordon for years and were designed by Boorman's wife, Grisel. The special effects are the work of Jerry Johnston, who, I predict, will be someone to watch in future sci-fi flicks. His flying **ZARDOZ** and dated, derelictated 20th century towns are a joy to behold. The film really gets going in the first three minutes with a visit of the god to the **BRUTALS** and the domination of a terrifying "gift."

I recommend this film to all who enjoy seeing a movie more than once. ■

By the time these rampaging Brutals reached for their guns, a goodly number of theater patrons had already departed or drifted off to sleep. Others, like our Media Editor, stayed awake to applaud what they considered a modern masterpiece. You'd think with all the sophisticated tools of modern technology at their disposal, filmmakers could come up with a flick that would please "all" of the people "all" of the time.



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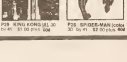
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P38. FRANK BRUNNER and cover of CREEPY 15



P39. FRANK BRUNNER and cover of CREEPY 15

As goes life, so goes film. Or is it the other way around? In any case, it's a safe bet that films tailored to reach a broad public base will wind up reflecting the prevailing attitudes of said base—and that's as true of horror flicks as any other film genre. Which brings us to the subject at paw—the plight of women in the horror film. TMT Editor Joe Kane traces the history of *Moviedom's Ladies of the Frigate* and cites the sometimes real, oftentimes dubious advances that, despite massive opposition by male chauvinist monster movie-makers, female fiends have managed to achieve. In Part the First of this two-part series, we turn the TMT spotlight on such early female achievers as the **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN**...

BY JOE KANE

While horror filmmakers have been quick to concur with Society At Large that women make perfect victims, ideal outlets for countless creatures' many and varied destructive urges (see Bill Felt's *Horror Heroines* in TMT 25), they were much slower in finding places for them as monsters in their own right. Throughout the '20s and early '30s women were able to secure somewhat steady employment as vampires (seductive sexual beings with only those relatively discreet fangs to mark them as monsters), as well as witches, occultists, voodoo queens, ladies possessed and other stock sinister types, but they rarely got the chance to slip on the twisted frightmasks that adorned the faces of so many male actors, nor did they clutter early soundtracks with guttural grunts and growls. Some of these women were evil enough, but they lacked the kind of brute power displayed by male monsters.

One of the most evil of the earlier screen sex-devils (and one who received one of the cruelest comeuppances) was Olga Badanova in *FREAKS* (1932). Playing an arrogant trapeze artist who marries and plans to murder a naive but well-behaved midget (Harry Earles), Olga exhibits depths of callousness and cruelty rarely seen on the screen. At the film's conclusion, she is set upon by a band of vengeful title characters—dwarves, "Human Torsos," "pinheads," etc.—who, using knives and ingenuity, somehow manage to turn her into a horrible, limbless "bird-woman." Still, despite her sadistic appetites, she couldn't really qualify as a "monster." Precious few of the screen's early ladies of the fright could.

In fact, it wasn't until 1936 that a female monster of any real stature reached the screen, in the person of Elsa Lanchester as the **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Standing 7 feet high in her reinforced boots, sporting angry eyes, electric Afro and generally menacing mien, the Bride was certainly a formidable enough apparition. Her actual screen time might have been brief, arriving only in the final few minutes of the

THE REPTILE was another of the screen screen's many serpentine sisters. Played by Jacqueline Pearce, she starred in a 1966 Hammer flick in which her plastic fangs frequently feasted on various expendable bit players.

Not only is the lady below suffering from what looks to be a splitting headache, but she's simultaneously being treated to a sight that would offend even the sorest of eyes. The snake-blessed woman (Barbara Shelley) went by the name of THE GORGON and, though she originally hailed from the crowded ranks of the Ancient Greek mythological menagerie, was transplanted to 19th century Europe in a 1964 Hammer Film.



film, but it was impressive. And she was a woman who wasn't about to serve as just anybody's sex object either, much to the Frankenstein Monster's chagrin. While the Monster (Boris Karloff) had hoped that she was the male fate and Dr. Frankenstein had him created for, the Bride spurned his advances in no uncertain terms, greeting his unwanted amatory overtures not with love and kisses but hate and hisses, a rejection that moved the male monster to anger and tears. "She hate me," he cried, "like others!" His energetic despair then led him to blow up his creator's laboratory in the requisite fiery finale, destroying his ill-permeated intended mate into the bargain.

That the Bride of Frankenstein was the first full-fledged female monster to make it to the screen was really only fitting, meet and just. It was, after all, a woman who had made what was probably the single greatest contribution to the whole horror genre, for it was Mary Shelley's novel, *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*, that was to serve as the basis for most of the man-made monster movie plots that would continue to crowd the screen more than a century after her death. But not only was the author of the world's most influential horror tale a woman, she was, for the period, a pretty liberated (if troubled) woman at that. Before becoming the wife of poet Percy B. Shelley, Mary

was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, an outspoken free love advocate and author of an early Women's Lib tract called *Vindication of the Rights of Women* (1792), and William Godwin, popular utopian anarchist and writer of bawdy stories. Ms. Wollstonecraft, a staunch believer in natural childbirth, died giving birth to Mary—a fact that her father, the leading liberal of his day, never tired of tormenting her about. Driven by a fierce desire to compensate for her mother's death, young Mary took to writing, oftentimes actually settling down under the shadow of her mother's tombstone to do her work. It was not surprising then that the guilt-ridden youth developed a strong morbid bent, one that eventually found lasting expression in the creation of the world's foremost monster.

The Frankenstein Monster's birthplace was an appropriate one: the atmospheric Villa Diodati, a summer place near Switzerland's Lake Geneva that Lord Byron had rented. Holed up there in early summer, 1816, was a group that included the impulsive Byron, Mary Shelley, her romantic mate Percy and Dr. John Polidori, physician to Byron. The weather was bad, the group bored, so Lord Byron proposed that the time be passed in the telling of terrifying tales. Percy Shelley—a young man given to indulging in hallucinatory excesses that would oft



Vampire Visage: This fanged female was but one of several bloodthirsty brides residing in Baron Meinster's horrifying home in Hammer's 1960 opus, *BRIDES OF DRACULA*. Count Dracula himself appeared only in the film's title.

result in much agitated breathing and mooping of brow—would find his psyche so fired by Byron's stories that he would sometimes leap suddenly from his seat and run through the castle corridors as though pursued by demons, howling, baying, and behaving in so frenzied a manner that he would have to be camed down by heavy doses of ether administered by the good doctor Polanski. Byron apparently enjoyed these scenes immensely and further delighted in intimidating his guests via various mildly sadistic ruses. It was in this atmosphere of self-indulgent eccentricity that Mary immersed herself, for the most part remaining in the background, saying little

but taking all in. Pleased to find the time passing so pleasantly, Byron suggested that each of their company set themselves about the task of writing a tale of macabre and dread.

On the night of June 19, 1816, Mary, not yet nineteen years of age, retired to her chambers to give birth to *Western Civilization's* greatest monster, one whose frustrations and severe sense of alienation would mirror and magnify her own. From the desperate imagination of an intimidated but impassioned adolescent came the monster who would see the most service in plays, films, legend and lore for centuries to follow.

LADIES GO APE

Still, though the *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* introduced the first truly formidable female monster to the screen, it would be a few years yet before others of her type would be entrenching in any significant numbers on what was considered exclusively male monster turf. Males had long enjoyed advantages not extended to women in the horror film. For example, men had had the privilege of being transformed into apes (though there are no doubt those who would contend that such a switch is so subtle as to be almost negligible) many times before the same honor was granted to a woman. Universal, the fright film capital of the '40s, finally broke that sex barrier in 1943 with the release of their *CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN*. The film had mad doctor John Carradine

warrant a sequel, *JUNGLE WOMAN*, unleashed the following year. In that one Aquanetta got a second, equally unsuccessful crack at Evelyn Ankers, while the mad doctor role went from Carradine to J. Carol Nash. A third film, *JUNGLE CAPTIVE*, appeared in 1945, with mad scientist chores handled by Otto Kruger and the Aquanetta-Ankers roles taken over by Vicky Lane and Amelia Ward. True monster movie lovers can cite differences in plot and quality among these films, but then true monster movie lovers are a strange breed, people who will stop at nothing to escape from a real world of terror and violence into an imaginary orb of same. At any rate, the *Wild Woman* films demonstrated that female ape-people could be every bit as hostile and popular as those of the male variety, which surely represents a triumph of sorts.

The once and future First Lady of the Prequel Film was none other than Elsa Lanchester as the *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Here unbalanced scientist Victor Frankenstein (Colin Clive) prepares to present the blushing bride to his intended mate, the Frankenstein Monster. The union lasted until death did they part—about 5 or 10 minutes.



turn an orang-utan into the wild woman of the title (Aquanetta) who tried, like every other Universal monster, to do it perennial heroine Evelyn Ankers, although this particular fiend was motivated by jealousy, not lust. Although the film had little else of interest to offer, it was popular enough to

Followings this groundbreaking trio, women were ripe for changing into something, even more uncomfortable. Throughout the '50s, when the horror film industry experienced a dramatic, if not necessarily healthy, revival after a severe postwar drought that saw monster movie production all but cease, and into the '60s, the screen played host to such as *SHE CREATURE* (1956), *SHE DEVIL* (1957), *SHE DEMONS* (1959), *SHE BEASTS* (1965), *SHE FREAK* (1957) and the *ASTOUNDING SHE MONSTER* (1958). For the first time female fiends found themselves competing in earnest with their male counterparts, and, right filmmakers began rummaging through their well-thumbed idea files to see what they might be thinking of next.

A SNAKE IN THE LASS

Of all the varieties of animal and insect life they had to choose from, hack horror film writers seemed to favor most merging women with snakes, a predictable predilection, all things considered.

The snake motif found expression in several films, including *THE SNAKE WOMAN* (1960), *THE REPTILE* (1966), and *CULT OF THE COBRA*, a 1955 film that, while brimming over with horror film clichés, had an unapologetic theme at its core. An entertainingly worthless B film, it told the tale of six typically obnoxious G.I. wise guys stationed in India at the close of World War II. Bored for kicks, the six arrange to infiltrate a meeting of a secret snake cult where they witness an extremely unauthentic-looking snake dance, a sight that prompts one of their number, despite dire warnings against it, to take a photo of the proceedings. Alerted to the foreigners' presence by the camera's flash, the cultists attack the unwanted Americans and, in the ensuing melee, a sergeant worshipping a fatal snake bite and vengeance is vowed at once. One of the unsightly Americans is also bitten and, after making his escape along with his cohorts, is deposited at a nearby hospital for treatment.



This frightful poster art from Roger Corman's *WASP WOMAN* reversed traditional male-female roles by having a female monster abduct a helpless, screaming male. Unfortunate as it is to alter the case with mini-budgeted movies, no such scene appeared in the film itself. On the contrary, the *WASP WOMAN*, played by Susan Cabot, stood well under 5' 0" in the film.



Cadaverous Countenance: Barbara Steele essayed the role of a resurrected vampire-priest to the torch for crimes against nature in Mario Bava's **BLACK SUNDAY** (1960). Bava's the closest thing we have to an authentic female horror star, and even she—an American—had to journey to Italy to attain that status.

The following day finds the Americans, in arrogant Hollywood style, already prepared to file the incident under Forgotten. They're scheduled to return to the States (in their case New York) momentarily and are in no mood to mourn the demise of some heathen snake freak

takes up with an exotic but emotionally cold woman (Faith Domergue) who has just moved into his apartment building. Needless to say, the lady is in reality a Snake Goddess, an instrument of revenge sent to distant shores to do in the irreverent Americans. Thompson, deter-

mined to recover from his recent rejection at the hands of his ex-amour, courts the chily young stranger (who bears no trace of an Indian accent and appears not to suffer from even a mild case of culture shock), who endures his unwanted attentions in order to discover the whereabouts of his companions in crime. In short order, two of the other ex-soldiers are searched out and decapitated. The survivors grow suspicious of Thompson's lady love but hesitate to voice said suspicions for fear of offending their already rejected and dejected friend. From this point on, the film really focuses on the male paranoia and uneasiness experienced by a man involved with a woman his



THE VAMPIRE LOVERS (1970) was yet another Hammer outing overloading with female vampires in low-cut dresses and shiny langs.

friends disapprove of. In this case, it was because she was prone to turning into a venomous snake, the same mentality might react in kind were she saddled with nothing more supernatural than a weight problem, loud nasal voice, or unconventional manner. The film, a hack job in most respects, as worth seeing for this angle alone. Thompson's torn loyalties result in some believable hours of discomfort, all standard horror elements aside. And needless to add, the snake lady meets with a violent death before completing her monstrous mission.

VANITY SCARE

Not all of the new breed of lady monsters were of the animal variety. Another durable and characteristically "female" horror staple was the lady driven by vanity and insecurity into illicitly prolonging/preserving her youth/beauty at any/all costs. Roger Corman's **WASP WOMAN** (1959) was not about the horror of being a female. White Anglo Saxon Protestant but of the plight of a strong-willed cosmetics exec who indulged vast yearnings in her beauty formula and as a result would sporadically change into a murderous insect woman. **THE LEECH WOMAN** (1960) journeyed to Africa where she learned that beauty could be restored by killing men and sucking their pineal gland secretions into her veins. Before making this discovery, the Leech Woman is depicted as a fairly attractive Kosch woman married to a callous doctor who is rapidly losing interest in her "fading charms". The idea that such a woman would sooner submit to

a life of constant violence and anxiety (the serum would wear off without notice and age her more drastically each time she came down) in order to lose 20 years of ugly life is apparently an acceptable one to film audiences. Were the film about an equally attractive male of comparable age, it would doubtless strain credulity. Both the Wasp and Leech Women were duly punished for their respective follies and their filmic paroxysms quite horrified to see what they had "really" gotten into.

Female monsters received a sudden boost in stature in 1955 when the **ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN** was released to compete with the likes of the **AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN** and **THE CYCLOPS**, then extant male giants. Distasteful relations of famous monsters also began to proliferate. There was the **DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL** (1957), **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** (1960) and even **JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** (1965). Combining the worst of both genres, **JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** shared a bill with **BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA** and had a descendant of the infamous Frankenstein setting up shop in the old West when she was sent away the hour turning a sidekick of Jesse James into the Monster. In one memorable moment from the film, she informs the metamorphosed cowboy that "You are no longer Hank Tracy. You are Igor." All in all, one of the best horror films to really live up to the promise of the title. Other interesting titles included **EVE THE WILD WOMAN** (1968), **VOODOO WOMAN** (1957), **QUEEN OF BLOOD** (1966), **BRIDES OF BLOOD** (1960), **DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS** (1971), **BRIDE OF THE GORILLA** (1951), **BRIDE AND THE BEAST** (1958), and **I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE** (1958) but, aside from the usual vampires, voodoo priestesses and assorted



Gloria Talbott became the **DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL** in Edgar G. Uimer's 1957 fright film and was one of several female relations of famous male monsters to flourish in the '50s. The film has been hailed by a few as an unusual classic; others take violent issue with that opinion.

DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL

who more than likely had it coming anyway. Nor are they overly concerned about the state of their stricken trend, since they had already made sure to sap the poison from his body. While the friend is resting overnight at the hospital, however, he is the recipient of a clandestine visit from a snake who sneaks in through the window and infects him anew in a subjective camera shot that photographs the scene from a snake's eye view. Doctors inform the other five that, despite the positive prognosis they had earlier been given, their friend has turned up unexpectedly but irrevocably dead.

Undaunted, the rest of the crew, their spirits buoyed by their prospective homeward journey, are equally prepared to forget about their friend's death as well. After their return to New York, the film turns most of its attention to two of the crew played by Marshall Thompson and Richard Long, fast friends who, it turns out, had left the same girl behind prior to going off to war. When the lady in question (Kathleen Hughes) is forced to choose twixt the twin, she picks Richard Long Thompson, disheartened but—being a 'good Joe'—unbittered by the rejection,

LADIES OF THE FRIGHT FILMOGRAPHY

The following is a list of credits for the principal ladies discussed in the above article, followed by a sampling of other filmic ladies of the fright, many of whom, due to space requirements, were not mentioned in the text. This list is by no means complete, since the creature contributions made by lightening females have been far too extensive to be fully covered here. We'll be running a follow-up filmography next issue covering other eerie areas of female endeavor.

LADY MONSTER FILMOGRAPHY PART I

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1959) 89 minutes. Directed by James Whale. Screenplay by William Murtib and John Balderston. Starring Boris Karloff, Boris Karloff, Valerie Hobson, Elsa Lanchester, Ernest Thesiger, G. P. Huggie, Dwight Frye. Walter Brennan, John Carradine.

CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN (1953) 60 minutes. Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Screenplay by Griffin Jay and Henry Sacher. Starring John Carradine, Acquarone, Milburn Stone, Evelyn Ankers, Lynett Compton, Fay Helm.

CULT OF THE COBRAS (1955) 82 minutes. Directed by Francis D. Lyon. Screenplay by Jerry Davis, Cecil Maitland and Richard Collins. Starring Faith Domergue, Richard Long, Marshall Thompson, David Janssen, Jack Kelly, Kathleen Hughes.

JUNGLE CAPTIVE (1945) 63 minutes. Directed by Harold Young. Screenplay by Dwight V. Bailey and M. Collier. Weaver Starring Otto Kruger, Vicki Lane, Amanda Wad, Phil Brown, Jeanne Cowan, Rondo Hatton.

DRUGLE WOMAN (1944) 54 minutes. Directed by Reginald Leffing. Screenplay by Henry Secher, Bernard Schubert and Edward Dean. Starring Evelyn Ankers, Acquarone, J. Carol Nash, Lois Collier, Samuel S. Hinds, Milton Stone.

LEECH WOMAN (1960) 77 minutes. Directed by Edward Dean. Screenplay by Leo Gordon. Starring Gale Gordon, Gary Williams, Gloria Talbott, Philip Terry, John Van Dusen, Kim Hamilton.

WASP WOMAN (1959) 73 minutes. Directed by Roger Corman. Screenplay by Leo Gordon. Starring Susan Cabot, Fred Ervey, William Veddo, Barbara Morris, Frank Gerate.

Miscellaneous Ladies

AIDO—SLAVE OF LOVE (1968, Japanese), **AN ANGEL FOR SATAN** (1966, Italian), **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER** (1956), **ATOMIC WAR BRIDE** (1955), **BACK FROM THE DEAD** (1967), **BLOOD OF DRACULA** (1963), **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER** (1956), **BRIDES OF DRACULA** (1960, British), **BRIDES OF FU MANCHU** (1956, British), **COUNTRESS DRACULA** (1971, British), **DAUGHTERS OF SATAN** (1972), **DEVIL BATS DAUGHTER** (1960), **DEVIL BATS** (1962, British), **DEVIL A DRESS** (1962), **DRACULA'S DAUGHTER** (1960), **FACE OF EVIL** (1960), **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** (1960), **FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN** (1966, British), **THE GORILLA** (1951), **THE GORILLA GIRL** (1951), **THE BEE GIRLS** (1973), **INVISIBLE WOMAN** (1940), **QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES** (1967), **THE SILENT WOLF** (1964), **SHE-WOLF OF LONDON** (1946), **SNAKE GILL AND THE SILVER-HAIRED WITCH** (1965), **THE MONSTER FROM FROM THE YEAR 5,000** (1961), **VAMPIRE GIRLS** (1967), **WOMAN WHO WOULD BE A MONSTER** (1965), **WOMAN WHO WOULD BE A MONSTER** (1965, British).

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the Monster Scene

In keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, **THE MONSTER SCENE...** brought to you by your friendly fiends-in-the-field at **TMT**. (...listen for the sound of applause).

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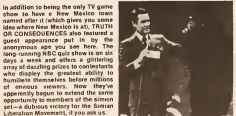
APE & BREW

Everyone's going apes," says the copy, "over these great specials!" So it's come to this, has it? Had enough that Kong was exploited to peddle can and bras, now Steak & Brew is being used to sell beer. The cruelty rendered Kong appeared in the April 1 edition of the NEW YORK POST and shows the great ape hoisting an outsized stein of beer in salute to the "Great American Brew." The fare. Apparently the artist responsible for this inept simian sketch wasn't quite up to drawing anything so elaborate as the Empire State Building and the infinitely undistinguished edifice atop which Kong rests his badly drawn brow. Now to the Steak & Brew menu (which has never been noted for its variety) is something called "The Steak & Brew" as "something for Every Taste."

We only hope that this "something" doesn't include gorilla meat for, if word ever got back to the King, Steak & Brew would be in for big trouble. I mean, Kong has been known to eat restaurants like that for breakfast... and live to regret it!

GAMES GORILLAS PLAY

In addition to being the only TV game show to have a New Mexico town named after it (which gives you some idea where New Mexico is at), **TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES** also featured a guest appearance put in by the anonymous runner you see here. The long-running NBC quiz show is on six days a week and offers a glittering array of dazzling prizes to contestants who display the greatest ability to humiliate themselves before millions of envious viewers. How this opportunity began to extend the same opportunity to members of the simian set—a dubious victory for the Simian Liberation Movement, it you ask us.



Edgar Allan Poe in 1848

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF POE

According to an article in the April 3, 1974 edition of THE NEW YORK TIMES, looters and vandals have been making a shambles of macabre master Edgar Allan Poe's former residence in the Bronx. Already stolen were a portrait of Poe and a statue of his legendary reeve—criminal acts that have prompted the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences to request that the Parks Department declare Poe's cottage off-limits to the public. Meanwhile, the Bronx Histor-

Kael Society has alleged that the city is as much to blame as the vandals—that the cottage has not been kept up and necessary repairs haven't been made. Pos moved to the house in 1846, three years prior to his tragic death, and composed such world-famous works as "The Bells" and "Ullalume" while living there. According to Eric Pace, author of the Times article, a Parks Department spokesman said that "the department would get around to making repairs when

the weather improved, but he said there was no plan to spend any of the \$50,000 that the city earmarked some years ago for sprucing up the building. 1974 also marks the 125th anniversary of Edgar Allan's demise, but the city has made no plans for staging memorial festivities this October either. But we at TMT feel that New York still deserves its Fun City sobriquet. It's just got an odd idea of what constitutes fun as all.

THE APE THAT GOT AWAY

One simian who slipped our notice last issue was this gorilla peering over Carl Reiner's shoulder in a Kodak ad that appeared in the February, 1974 edition of MAKING FILMS IN NEW YORK, an East Coast trade journal. Reiner's association with apes began in *WHERE'S POPPA?*, a black comedy that saw star George Segal don gorilla garb in an unsuccessful attempt to scare his aged, troublomaking mother (Ruth



Gordon) to death. Since then, Raiser has directed THE COMIC, a simultaneously funny and poignant film about a silent comedian, and is currently doing THE NEW DICK VAN DYKE SHOW teleseries. As for Reiner's grills, this is the first we've seen of him since WHERE'S POPPA? We only hope that this lone commercial appearance doesn't disqualify him from receiving future unemployment checks.

SAUCERS STILL IN SIGHT

Pittsburgh deejay and ardent TMT fan Al "Jazzbeaux" Collins brought this item to our attention. This illustration appeared on the cover of the March, 1974 edition of RENAISSANCE PITTSBURGH, that city's equivalent of NEW YORK Magazine, and showed a mod, denim-clad citizen and his blonde paramour men being menaced by a hostile alien. Inside the issue

was an in-depth report on recent UFO activity by rising reporter John Henna. According to many eyewitnesses, the skies have been alive of late with all kinds of alien saucers and ships and, though none of the sightings have proven beyond a shadow of a reasonable doubt that aliens do indeed exist, who are we to say rury?

DRACULA LIVES!

FRAGOLA LIVES, but it's anything but a romper. Instead FRAGOLA is the title of 12 new magazines direct from England. Each issue is in full color throughout the book, featuring the art of such Spanish greats as Eusebio Maizor (who does the character WOLFF), Enrich Sic and J. M. de. These 12 books feature art like you've never seen before in your life! And the color is superbly done. All on heavy card-board-like stock to insure long readability.

All these books are in English but, meant for the British Isles, but imported by THE MONSTER TONES for the readers. There are 12 issues of these full color extravaganzas. They can be purchased in lots of six, in lots of twelve or individually. A "must have" addition to your comic art library. The greatest barbarians and the prettiest ladies inhabit these magazines.



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[illegible]

You've toured DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS and heard the chilling TALES FROM THE CRYPT, now it's time to check into the MADHOUSE. That's the title of Amicus Films' new terror treat—a film that unites sinister stars Vincent Price, Peter Cushing and Robert Quarry. Here to report on the horror happenings is TMT's globe-stomping creature correspondent Geoffrey Oldham, who was there to witness the weird goings-on.

Up until now, horror film stars, for some reason, always came in pairs. First there was the team of Karloff and Lugosi, then the dynamic British duo, Cushing and Lee. Now American-International has come up with a triple play, uniting Vincent Price, Robert Quarry, and Peter Cushing in what they hope will be the fright film of the year—MADHOUSE, (formerly titled THE RETURN OF DR. DEATH).

AIP has at least two things going for it with this film, in addition to the name value of the cast. First, they shot the film in England. For some reason, AIP's

Vincent Price plays actor Paul Toombes, who, in turn, plays screen menace Dr. Death. The plot involves a horror film thespian suspected of taking his murderous work home with him; a similar, if more serious, story line threaded its way through an earlier film, A DOUBLE LIFE, with Ronald Colman playing an unhinged actor.

British efforts usually turn out to be far superior to their post-Corman Hollywood efforts. Second, executive producer Samuel Z. Arkoff has wisely chosen Milt Subotsky and Max Rosenberg as co-producers. These are the fellows responsible for Amicus horror blockbusters like DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS and TALES FROM THE CRYPT. They specialize in British fright films, and in London they're known as

Another fright film veteran, Adrienne Cori, plays the crazed Faye Fly, a dagger-wielding lady in love with Dr. Death. Ms. Cori also appeared in VAMPIRE CIRCUS and MOON ZERO TWO, earlier British offerings



The weather's warm, the sun bright, and it's a perfect day for a spring walk to the nearest MADHOUSE. At least that's where stroller seem to be heading in Amicus Productions' fright film of the same name

★ ★ A TMT PREVIEW ★ ★

BY GEOFFREY OLDHAM

"The American Hammer."

The DR. PHIBES films have been some of the most successful of the recent AIP entries, so it was only natural for the company to stick pretty closely to the same formula. Not that MADHOUSE is any follow-up to Phibes. In fact, it's an original story, with its own set of characters. But the over-all film is highly reminiscent of the Phibes efforts—a good old-fashioned horror movie that doesn't take itself too seriously. The screenplay by Greg Morrison is very loosely based on the Angus Hall novel DEVILDAY, and the three principals get plenty of latitude.

SCRIPT FROM THE CRYPT

The plot line for MADHOUSE is a bit familiar, but there are enough twists to sustain interest and a generous dose of mystery keeps the audience guessing. Vincent Price plays a horror film star named Paul Toombes (now there's a real case of typecasting!). It seems that Toombes stood trial in Hollywood back in the fifties for the murder of his fiancée. At that time he was a major star, playing the title character in a series of "Dr. Death" films (from whence came the film's original title). While the trial resulted in a verdict of "not guilty," the resultant bad publicity put an abrupt end to his movie career. Finally, after twenty years, Toombes is trying to make a comeback,



What does this menacing skull have to do with the weird events that transpire in MADHOUSE? Well, he's not killing, and neither are we. To find the answer to that and other vital queries, you'll have to see the film yourself.

via a London-based TV version of his "Dr. Death" films. During the course of shooting the TV series, two actresses and a publicity girl are murdered. All signs seem to point to Toombes as the killer. As was the case with his fiancée years earlier, the murder method is similar to the one used by the character "Dr. Death." Naturally, Scotland Yard starts to wonder whether Toombes might be taking his role a bit too seriously, reliving in real life what he does on the screen. You'll find out the truth when you see the movie. But let me recommend at the outset that you also try to get your hands on the Angus Hall novel. It bears little resemblance to the picture's final script, and since both the book and the movie are quite good, you

can double your pleasure by making sure that you catch both.

BIG-NAME NEMESSES

The big question that always comes up when a studio makes a film with an all-star cast is: "Does it and so get the screentime he deserves?" If you happen to be a Vincent Price fan, a Robert Quarry fan, or a Peter Cushing fan, you're probably going to feel that your particular favorite isn't in the limelight enough, but that's only natural. Actually, since Price has the title role, he spends the most time on camera. Quarry has a fairly decent role as film and television producer Oliver Quayle. As for the size of Peter Cushing's

Continued on page 29

Hour _____ AM _____ PM _____
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MONSTER TIMES BACK ISSUES!

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our gallery of gory delights—enough to scare even the most fearless reader. And don't forget, each issue contains a giant color centerfold, suitable for framing or hanging on your crypt wall to cover up the holes or even for wrapping fish.



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MADHOUSE

Continued from
page 25



Apparently not everyone is enamored of Dr. Quid's performance. Here an unseen critic attempts to give the black-cloaked Thespian the axe. A critic with any sensibility would have given for a heck.

part, I'll have to be honest and say I really don't know at this point. Cushing plays a film actor known as Herbert Flay. The original script had Flay's wife falling madly in love with "Dr. Death." If that's the case, Cushing's role can't be too small. I certainly hope that he fares better than in previous screen appearances with Price in **SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN** and **DR. PHIBBS RISES AGAIN**.

Very little has to be said about Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, or Robert Quarry. If you're reading TMT, you're almost certainly familiar with their screen credits and can probably recite Hammer's list of Cushing films verbatim. You're almost certainly familiar with all the films Price has made in Britain and the United States. And you wouldn't be much of a horror fan if you didn't know Robert Quarry as "Count Yorgo." But even the lesser-known players in **MADHOUSE** will be familiar to avid fright film fans. Adrienne Corri plays the demure Fayle Play, who finds herself head-over-heels in love with "Dr. Death." You may remember that very lovely actress from her film roles in **VAMPIRE CIRCUS** and **STUDY IN TERROR**. If you're a television fan, you've seen her on many of the top-rated British series, like **UFO** and **JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN**. Adrienne isn't the only fright film veteran in the cast. While some may argue that 19-year-old Linda Hayden is a little too young to be called a "veteran," she certainly does have experience in the field of horror, having appeared in both **TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA** and **BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW**. In **MADHOUSE**, she plays a young starlet murdered in a mysterious manner.

NOTES FROM THE MADHOUSE

The interiors for **MADHOUSE** were shot at Twickenham Studios, a small movie-making complex in the quiet little

village of St. Margarets. If you're at all familiar with Hollywood studios, your first visit to Twickenham will be a bit of a shock! The sound stages, offices, prop department, etc. are all crammed together on a small lot that takes up less than the area of a city block. There is no back lot at Twickenham, so exteriors are shot in the village itself, or in the surrounding countryside. The sound stages on the Twickenham lot are every bit as sophisticated as those at larger studios. The sets I saw for **MADHOUSE** were quite impressive, including an eerie laboratory that looks like something out of the **DR. PHIBBS** films.

The actors themselves seemed to be enjoying it all. I watched Cushing and Price rehearse a dueling scene and they were like a couple of kids getting their kicks by playing make-believe swordsmen. But when it came time to actually shoot the scene, all the fooling around came to an end. The two actors were the perfect examples of professionals at work. On the set, both were more than willing to talk about the new film. Cushing said he enjoyed working for Amicus because they were so efficient and friendly. (Cushing has been working for the company, on and off, since 1961, when he appeared in **DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS**.) He stressed that this should in no way be taken as any lessening of his admiration for Hammer. As he put it, "I feel a part of the Hammer Family." When I spoke with Cushing, he was just wrapping up shooting on **MADHOUSE** and getting ready to report to work at Shepperton for yet another Amicus fright film, **TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE** (see TMT #28). Price seemed to be having as much fun as anyone else connected with the picture. There seemed to be a special bond between Price and the crew. One fellow told me that Price showed up for the first day of filming and promptly gave each member of the crew a pound (about \$2.50) to bet on Derby Day the following Epsom Downs. No wonder the crew liked him!

Amicus has chosen a young and very talented director for **MADHOUSE**. I watched Jim Clark on the set and found myself very much impressed with the way he handled the actors. The atmosphere was quiet and relaxed until the time came for a final "take." Then Clark took complete control. When he said "quiet on the set," he meant it! Curiously enough, most of Clark's experience has been in editing, not directing. (Amicus has had tremendous luck with relatively new directors who studied their craft in the editing room.)

At this writing, while I've seen some of the rushes, I haven't seen the completed film. I can only say that, from what I've seen so far, **MADHOUSE** could well turn out to be boxoffice magic for AIP. If it does do as well as expected, be prepared for a whole rash of star-studded fright flicks, in the old **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**-**HOUSE OF DRACULA** tradition.



MARVEL'S **MAN-THING** takes time out to catch a teasing baby in this strip written by Gary Conway and drawn by TMT contributor Gray Morrow, whose wighty brush-strokes have helped make this character one of the most popular of Comicon's shapeless swamp creatures

CURSE OF THE SWAMP CREATURES! Continued from page 13

proposed airport on the site. Man-Thing and Jennifer combat this construction and succeed in saving the earth from possible takeover from these other-worldly beings.

Finally, the popularity of the Man-Thing led to his own comic and a continuation of the kind of stories that made him popular. Stories continue in scope in which the Man-Thing is but a pawn, though a powerful pawn, one who can win and lose games on his own initiative. The **MAN-THING** comic is one of Marvel's most successful. As Roy Thomas says: "MAN-THING does very well."

MALODOROUS MONSTER

Skywald, meanwhile, had been in the Swamp Creature field for some time. They introduced their new version of the Heap in the second issue of **PSYCHO**. Like the original Heap of "Airboy" days, this one was the result of an airplane accident. Young pilot Jim Roberts' plane is sabotaged by his "friend" Bill Ryan in order to get Roberts' girl friend, Audrey, and the \$100,000 insurance policy Roberts has left to her. But when Roberts' plane crashes into a container of Army nerve gas, he is not killed, but changed into a slag heap monster which eats garbage and smells awful. Of course, the monster gets revenge and fades into the night.

In later issues the Heap goes on to battle the Horror Master (a mad scientist who resurrects corpses and uses them for evil purposes), Dr. Frankenstein, and others too numerous to mention. Finally, as Skywald switched to the "horror-mood" format (which certainly is horrible), the Heap went completely insane, did evil things like squashing innocent babies, and ultimately, fell many thousands of feet off a high flying aircraft to land in a farmyard. But not just any farmyard... the farmyard of his mother and father! They, of course, recognize him immediately and nurse him back to health. Now, once again, the Heap presumably lives a happy life among the old folks doing the farm chores.

The Heap suffered from one major difficulty that none of his fellow Swamp Creatures had to endure. He was always done by second-rate (sometimes third- and fourth-rate) artists, men who did not have

the power to get something transcendent out of a cliché-ridden story. As a result, the Heap lacked the power of a Swamp Thing or Man-Thing. Perhaps that is why he no longer exists.

MELANCHOLY MONSTER

So far, Warren has not gotten too deeply into the swamp creature format. Their sole effort has been **MARVIN THE DEAD THING**. Nicely drawn by Esteban Maroto, Marvin's story line tells of a klutzy clerk whose attempt at suicide results in his being changed into a deformed monster. Unlike the rest of the swamp ilk, Marvin does not want revenge... he just wants death. But when he awakens to find himself alive (not realizing the changes that have taken place), Marvin, klutzy to the end, attempts to go to work at his old job. The city folk are naturally aghast at his appearance, and, after a couple of police gunshots and some general pandemonium, Marvin realizes that he has changed. Retreating to the swamp, where he's befriended by a little girl, he finds contentment for the first time in his life. And when the girl is killed by hunters, Marvin doesn't go after revenge, but takes the body of his friend and tosses it into the same waters that gave him birth. Miraculously, she too is reborn, and Marvin now has a permanent friend and playmate. And an opportunity for happiness. (Bring up violins and lower curtains, maestro.)

So the swamp creature tale, **MARVIN THE DEAD THING** is both non-violent and somewhat tongue-in-cheek. Al Milgrim's script is a gentle one, treating human loneliness and man's inhumanity toward man. **MARVIN THE DEAD THING** stands as the only swamp creature to have an idyllic existence. He's also the only one (so far) without a sequel (although a series is planned).

So the swamp creature is here to stay. That ungainly, hideously misshapen being formed by science and swamp ooze seems to have taken a firm hold on the comic-reading public. With National's **SWAMP THING**, the big success of 1973, and **MAN-THING** raking in great profits, it seems the era of the Swamp Creature will continue a while longer.



THE TIME MACHINE

Continued from page 5

As I approached the shrieking edifice, I saw that the door to it was open! Like conditioned cattle, the Eloi moved through the opening. I was able to catch a glimpse of Weena as she entered the structure. My heart pounding, I ran toward the sphinx, but it was too late! The door had closed.

When the sirens stopped, the people who were left outside suddenly turned away, visibly afraid. I grabbed one and asked, "Where are you going? We have to help them!"

Still in a trance, the fellow commented blandly, "There is nothing to fear now. It is all clear."

His words made me realize the obvious truth. I shook him and yelled, "What do you mean, 'All clear'? There is no war! No bombs! That ended centuries ago! Don't you understand? You're being led to slaughter like sheep! How will those others get back?"

He just stared straight ahead and replied, "They never come back. No one can bring them back."

I knew that I alone could help the captured Eloi. I was Weena's only hope. Returning to the well, I descended into the stygian darkness. As I moved down a passageway, the steady throbbing of machinery echoed through the blackness.

I soon came to a dimly-lit subterranean cavern. Green, horrible-looking mutants worked the machines. They were apparently able to see in the dark, for they worked efficiently, and their eyes gave off an eerie glow. This was the world of the Morlocks!

Momentarily, the captives arrived, still in their trance-like state, moving down a spiral walkway. Some of the Morlocks were cracking whips in the air to hurry them along. As I watched the procession, I

had degenerated into cannibals and were breeding the Eloi like cattle! The captive

looked down for a moment and saw human bones scattered about ... and immediately realized the shocking truth! The Morlocks Eloi, through their conditioned fear of atomic attack, were being led to their deaths!

Hoping that the Morlocks would be as passive as the humans, I charged from out of the shadows. To my regret, the monsters fought back. I was stronger and faster than they, but there were many of them. As I struggled with the growling creatures, I bellowed to the Eloi: "Wake up! All of you! Come to your senses! You must fight!"

However, a Morlock would have to get up pretty early in the morning, to court a British gentleman, as this pair discovers, when the Time Traveler finally makes good his escape from the monsters' underground abode.

I battled furiously, hoping that the Eloi would follow suit. I managed to grab one of the whips, and for a time my foes and I used the stinging weapons to exchange blows! Then I remembered that the Morlocks could not stand light! I lit a match, and my inhuman opponents fell back, shrieking! To them, the tiny match gave off as much radiance as the sun itself!

As long as the light shone, I was safe. When it burned out, the monsters advanced, menacingly. As soon as my second match interrupted the darkness, they scurried back into the shadows. Knowing that I would soon deplete my supply of matches, I grabbed a stick and made a torch out of it. I then started leading the Eloi—who had done nothing but watch the battle—in the direction of the wells.

All of a sudden, one of the Morlocks ran forward and knocked the torch from my hand. Seconds later, the entire inhuman horde closed in around me.

THE ELOI AWAKE!

I faced certain death, when suddenly one of the male Eloi punched a Morlock and knocked it to the ground! This was what I had prayed for! The aggressive spark spread throughout the captives. The action of the single young man seemed to instill a new courage in all the Eloi and, for the first time in their lives, they fought back! The green monsters were surprised and rapidly overpowered! We battled our way to the wells and, as my companions ascended to the surface, I threw my torch into a cauldron filled with oil. With a roar, flames erupted, spreading quickly to other parts of the cavern!

As I reached the surface, flames shot out of the ground in several places. Thick layers of smoke poured forth from the wells, and I saw our chance to destroy the Morlocks. "Ignite the other wells!" I shouted. "We must prevent the Morlocks from escaping!"

We ignited the openings, adding to the raging inferno below. A moment later, a distant rumble was heard. We escaped the area in time to see the world of the Morlocks erupt with a deafening explosion.

"They're gone," I told my companions, "but so is your life of leisure. From now on, you'll have to work to survive." From the looks on their faces, I knew that they could start over again.

Just as I had resigned myself to a life in the future, one of the Eloi informed me that the door to the sphinx was open! I had to save my machine! I hoped to go back to



Armed only with a whip and English ingenuity is commodity that preceded its famed American counterpart by several centuries! The Victorian adventurer continues to wage what would appear to be a losing battle against the savage Morlock hordes.



The time machine that appeared on the cover of the CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED version of the Wells' book was a good deal more elaborate than the one fashioned for the film.

the year 1900 and then return to the far future. Flames were already licking at my device, and I knew I had to hurry!

I reached the machine ahead of the others. "I'll be back!" I shouted to Weena. "I'll be back!" Then the door slammed shut! From deep within the structure, I heard rasping growls. Some of the creatures had survived and were trying to escape from the flames and blinding smoke! Several of them lumbered out of the darkness. They were upon me just as I had replaced the crystal knob! I frantically knocked the wild assailants off the device and started the machine. The time clock spun wildly as I propelled myself back through the eons.

I stopped my journey on January 5, 1900. Of course, I arrived outside my house, since my device had been moved by the Morlocks. After telling my friends about my experience, I handed them the magnificent flower that Weena had given me. They did not know what to think, for no species of its kind existed on Earth at that time. Nonetheless, only David believed my tale. With a lump in my throat, I bid him goodbye.

After they had all left, I returned to my laboratory. I moved the time machine so that it would reappear in the future outside the sphinx. Then I chose three books to take with me.

And I left the 20th century—forever ...

THE TIME MACHINE (1960, MGM) Running Time: 103 minutes. Produced and directed by George Pal. Screenplay by David Duncan, from the novel by H.G. Wells. Starring Rod Taylor (Time Traveler), Alan Young (David James), Yvonne Mitchell (Weena), Sebastian Cabot, Tom Helmore, Vito Scotti, Gena Lingo.

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NEXT ISSUE!

Next issue we'll be leaving THE TIME MACHINE behind and setting our sinister sights on the first island on the Land of the Rising Monsters: Japan, to be exact. Not only that, but we'll be taking it upon our sloped shoulders to cover not one, not two, but ALL of Japan's giant monsters in an in-depth film survey by Japanese creature scholar Don Fiofo. Every monster of any stature—from Godzilla to Gamera—will be discussed, praised, and critiqued... in fact, mainly criticized. But what's a little controversy between friends? We think the Big G & Co. can handle any criticism leveled by mere man-mortals like us.

Also featured in the next issue of **THE MONSTER TIMES** will be Part the Second of Joe Kane's **LADIES OF THE FRIGHT**, a look at sexism on the scream scene this time focusing on wild women, cat-ladies, and maternity monsters. You'll want to reserve your spot behind the barricades as **Mordee** of understandably unheeded women strike back at their male chauvinist overlords in an orgy of violent revenge. On an even headier note, we'll

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also be inaugurating a unique new season: the TMT LECTURE SERIES OF THE AIR. We don't want to tell you exactly what it is or why we're calling it that at this point in time, but we think you'll be intrigued when you see it. Also slated to appear in our next awesome issue will be Rob Comorosky's profile on the CREATORS OF THE BIZARRE MONSTERDOM'S MAKEUP MEN, a report on the Great Occult Superheroes of the comics, plus a pair of perverse previews of Amicus Productions' TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE and Toho's newest Big G outing, GODZILLA VS GIGAN.

And that's without mentioning all the great stuff that we've neglected to mention. There'll be all kinds of surprising things crawling out of the woodworks next time too, and we think it would be a wise idea to set aside enough bread to match the meekly purchase price of the next issue of TMT now.

JUNE 1974, NO. 34

WORLD'S FIRST NEWSPAPER OF HORROR

FANTASY

**FREE
GIANT
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POSTER
INSIDE**

**SWAMP
THING**



1974, NO. 34

WORLD'S FIRST NEWS

the
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Times

SWAN
THIN

**STAR TREK'S
CAPTAIN
KIRK
SPEAKS!
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**THE
TIME
MACHINE
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**UNDER
GROUND
HORRORS
P.6**

ZARDOZ
P.15

FEMALE FIENDS!
P.19



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